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AUGUST, 1917

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THE TEMPEST

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

VOLUME VIII

AUGUST, 1917

NUMBER 10



THE LACE MAKER

LOUVRE, PARIS

VERMEER

VERMEER OF DELFT*

BY A. E. GALLATIN

FOREWORD

VERMEER of Delft is the least known of the world's great painters. The purpose of this essay is to introduce him to a wider circle of art lovers.

I have personally examined and studied thirty-one of the thirty-five canvases which have been definitely given to Vermeer, as well as several others of doubtful attribution: in my essay I have endeavored to unite my own views on Vermeer with the researches and observations of those other critics of the artist most deserving of consideration.

This essay and catalogue incorporates the very latest researches concerning Vermeer. Dr. Bredius, Director of the Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague, and Mr. Philip L. Hale have written me with regard to recent attributions, and I am indebted to them for their kindness. My chief sources of information will be found listed in the bibliography: I would particularly single out the endlessly interesting book of Mr. Hale.

* COPYRIGHTED 1917 AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN BY A. E. GALLATIN.

DURING his life Jan Vermeer of Delft was one of the most highly esteemed artists in Holland and his pictures commanded higher prices than those of any other Dutch *genre* painter, Gerard Dou only excepted. Balthazar de Monconys, a Frenchman, wrote in his "Journal des Voyages," which was published in 1676: "At Delft, I saw the painter Vermeer, who had none of his own works, but we saw one at a baker's, which, though it had only one figure, had been sold at six hundred livres." He was chosen on several occasions to be head man of the Guild of St. Luke, of which, it is interesting to note, Pieter de Hooch was also a member. Today he is classed by most critics with the world's greatest masters, with Velasquez, Titian and Rembrandt. It is, therefore, one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of art that shortly after Vermeer's death he fell into almost complete oblivion and that it was not until about fifty years ago that he was virtually rediscovered. How he could have been for so long practically forgotten it is difficult to understand, although this is no doubt partly explained by the fact that Houbraken, who wrote a work on Dutch painting forty-three years after Vermeer's death, omitted to mention Vermeer in his book, why, it is not known.* But the fact remains that until Thoré, a French connoisseur, better known by his pseudonym "W. Bürger," began his investigations, and until he published the results of his studies, in 1866, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, the very existence of such an artist, excepting to a very few people, was unknown. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that about half of his attributions have since been rejected. The majority of Vermeer's pictures had for long been known and greatly admired, but, with two or three exceptions, they were attributed to de Hooch, Metz, Terburg, Rembrandt, to one of his two namesakes in Haarlem, or to Vermeer of Utrecht.

Vermeer of Delft, so designated to prevent confusing him with the three painters of his time bearing the same surname, was born in this then thriving Dutch town in 1632. In Delft he lived and worked until

his death, which occurred in 1675, when he was entombed in the Old Church. In 1653 he married one Catharine Bolenes and eight children by her survived him. Beyond these facts, which were obtained as recently as some thirty-five years ago, by Henri Havard and F. D. O. Obreen, in searching the archives of Delft, not much else is known about Vermeer's life. It is interesting to note, however, that the majority of the authorities on Vermeer are of the opinion that our artist was a pupil of Carel Fabritius, himself an extremely gifted artist, as we can see from his beautifully painted "Goldfinch," in the Royal Picture Gallery at the Hague. Even less about Fabritius is known than of Vermeer and only seven or eight of his pictures have been traced. We do know, however, that he was a pupil of the great Rembrandt and also that he met his death in 1654, while engaged in painting, when a powder magazine in Delft exploded and destroyed quite a large part of the town. That Vermeer was in only moderate circumstances, may with reason be inferred from the fact that it was three and a half years after his election to the Guild of St. Luke before he completed the payment of his initiation fee, which was very small.

Holland is the home of the *genre* picture: no other country has produced anything like as many painters attracted to painting interiors with figures, illustrating every day life and manners, Nicholas Maes, Pieter de Hooch, Jan Steen, Gabriel Metz, Gerard Ter Borch and Vermeer—who was by far the most important—formed a group of painters who chose such subjects for their pictures that have never been equalled.

The great majority of Vermeer's paintings have for their subjects interiors with figures. With the exception of three portraits and two landscapes, the others, thirty in number, are pictures of this description. About one-half of our artist's canvases contain the single figure of a young woman. Eleven paintings contain two or more figures; the remaining two are of the single figure of a man. Such was Vermeer's artistic output as it is known to us today. Probably one or two more pictures by Vermeer will be discovered, for this was a very small number of pictures for him to

*Fromentin in his "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" (1877) also ignored Vermeer.



YOUNG LADY WITH PEARL NECKLACE

KAISER FREDERICK MUSEUM, BERLIN

VERMEER

have painted, even taking into account the fact that he died at the early age of forty-three and that his paintings were evidently most laboriously wrought. As a matter of fact we know that the artist painted other pictures; in the catalogue of a sale which took place in Amsterdam in 1696, twenty-

one paintings by Vermeer are enumerated, several of which have not been discovered.* Dr. Bode, writing some years ago, placed the number of Vermeer's paintings at

*The titles, as printed in the catalogue, are given in another part of this monograph. Many of them are very readily identified.

thirty, and he included in his list the "Diana at Her Toilet," or "Diana with Her Nymphs," as it is sometimes called, the authenticity of which is now questioned. He added that we might take it

the left of the composition, penetrating to every corner of the apartment. He was one of the very greatest painters of normal light. These rooms usually have white plastered walls, and are quite sparsely furnished;



THE CONCERT

MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER, BOSTON

VERMEER

for granted that there were no others. Since then, however, six more examples have been brought to light.

Certain characteristics abound in the paintings of Vermeer as regards his choice of subject. There is his great predilection for painting interiors, with bright sunlight entering the room from a window (which is sometimes visible and sometimes not), at

maps hanging on the wall, musical instruments, chairs surmounted by lions' heads, and Oriental rugs, used as table-covers, after the Dutch fashion of the day, are seen in many of the pictures. His favorite colors were lemon-yellow, blue and pearl-grey; cool colors, forming a strong contrast to the warm brown and golden tones of Rembrandt. Even his shadows are cool,

being painted blue, in the modern manner; as a matter of fact, there is a great deal about Vermeer's painting which is very "modern." His rendering of values and edges is simply marvellous and in the

frivolous creatures. All are most placid: this is a highly distinguishing feature of Vermeer's paintings. With reference to these young women that our artist was so fond of painting, I cannot do better than



PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO

CZERNIN COLLECTION, VIENNA

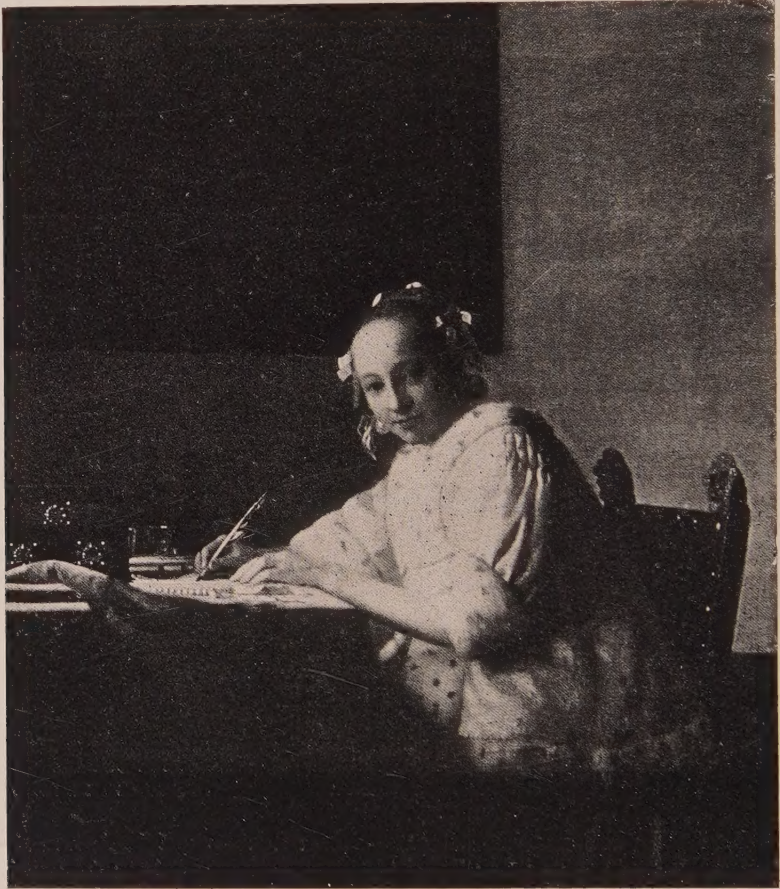
VERMEER

qualities of workmanship and of taste it has been truly said that Vermeer is unsurpassed by any master of any time. The women who occupy these rooms are quite different types, for the most part, from the housewives of de Hooch. One, it is true, is seen making lace, another pouring milk; another picture shows a maid asleep, but with these exceptions they are rather

append the following extract from the well-considered essay on Vermeer by Mr. F. J. Mather, jr.: "Shall we then conclude with Mr. Hale that for the charm of a Vermeer we must look merely to its consummate technic? A little study of the four or five women who grace the finest pictures will suggest that we must rather look to some rare lyrical sentiment in the artist's soul

of which the technic, marvellous as it is, is merely a secondary evocation. Where else in Dutch art shall you find such women as Vermeer's—the 'Milkmaid,' stately as a Millet as she bends over the jug; the little 'lace-maker,' daintily alert

"The Courtesan," or as it is sometimes called, "The Procuress," and "Christ in the House of Mary and Martha" belong to the early examples of Vermeer's work. The first painting is signed and dated 1656, having therefore, been painted when the



LADY WRITING

J. P. MORGAN, NEW YORK. LENT TO METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

VERMEER

as her beautiful hands attack resolutely their difficult task; the 'Lady at the Casement,' quizzical, capable, with a peculiar sane sweetness; the plump creature of pearl-like blondness, radiant in azure and pale-gold, who holds out a pearl necklace from a throat as lovely as the jewels; the candid, fearless young girl with a blue turban suddenly turning out of the picture, mouth half open at the wonder of a friendly world?"

artist was twenty-four years of age. But few of the qualities that distinguish Vermeer's pictures are here. The second picture, as with the first, for Vermeer is rather heavily painted. It may be noted that these are the only pictures by Vermeer in which the figures are life size; also that "The Courtesan" is the only picture which is dated.

"A Maid-servant Pouring Milk" or "The Cook" is undoubtedly a fairly early

example, but a very fine piece of painting. The still-life in it is marvellous, as is invariably the case in Vermeer's paintings; he and Chardin have never been excelled.

The "Portrait of a Woman," at Budapest, is of a stolid Dutch woman, painted

painted outdoors, and is thus unique in Dutch painting of that epoch. The picture, like the majority of Vermeer's paintings, is quite modern in feeling, as is the technic, with its loaded dots, foreshadowing the methods of the French impressionists.



A MAID SERVANT POURING MILK

RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

VERMEER

with the artist's favorite colors, blue and yellow. It is an excellent example of the artist's work, even if not one of his masterpieces.

The "View of Delft" and "A Street in Delft" are the only landscapes, or more properly speaking, townscapes, by Vermeer which are known to us. The former is a view of the town seen across the Rotterdam Canal, and is one of the most wonderful landscapes ever painted. Evidently it was

"A Street in Delft" is an equally delightful picture, evidently done at about the same time as the larger painting.

There are two pictures by our artist entitled "The Astronomer," one in Frankfurt-on-Main and one in Paris. They are rather similar in composition, although in the former the figure of the man is seen standing at his table, which is directly under a window at the left of the picture (as was usual with Vermeer) and in the



A STREET IN DEFT

J. SIX. AMSTERDAM

VERMEER

latter he is seated. They rank as reasonably good examples of his work.

"The Soldier and the Laughing Girl" is rather a poor example; as Mr. Hale says, many of the shadows are too dark and one feels a depressing sense of blackness all through the picture. This is, of course, the last thing to expect in a Vermeer; possibly the picture has darkened with age.

"The Sleeping Woman" probably belongs in point of time to our artist's middle period; it is rather heavily painted for Vermeer and hot in color; parts of it, however, are beautifully executed.

"The Lady Reading at the Open Window" shows Vermeer almost at his best, although in quality it does not measure up

to the "Young Lady With a Pearl Necklace" and two or three other of his paintings. "The Girl With the Wine Glass" and "A Girl Drinking With a Gentleman" are of almost the same importance, as regards quality, as the "Lady Reading at the Open Window."

"A Gentleman and a Young Lady" or "The Music Lesson" is distinctly inferior.

"A Girl Reading a Letter" is not only one of Vermeer's greatest pictures, but it is very characteristic. "The Lace Maker" is also a fine example and as regards technic equally characteristic.

There are two paintings entitled "Portrait of a Young Girl." That at The Hague is only excelled by one other of the

artist's pictures, the "Young Lady With a Pearl Necklace," which is his *chef d'œuvre*. It is such a wonderful piece of painting (executed entirely by light and shade) that one is almost inclined to rank it with the much larger picture in Berlin. Mr. E. V. Lucas in his most engaging essay, with its distinct literary flavor, entitled "On the Track of Vermeer" (it may be found in his volume of essays "Old Lamps for New") calls this picture "the most beautiful thing in Holland" and "the most satisfying and exquisite product of brush and color that I have anywhere seen." The "Portrait of a Young Girl" at Brussels, which is rather similar to that at The Hague, is not as fine in quality. The "A Young Girl with a Flute" appears to be unfinished; it was sold in 1915 by Knoedler & Co. to a collector in Amsterdam. The "A Lady and A Maid-servant" and "A Lady Writing a Letter" (Beit Collection) come under the head of fairly good examples of our painter.

The next two paintings on our list are "The Music Lesson" and "The Concert," two pictures quite similar in subject. It is not unlikely that they were painted at about the same time. Both are particularly remarkable for their very successful design; they rank with the artist's best pictures.

The "Young Lady With a Pearl Necklace" is the artist's *chef d'œuvre*: it is, as well, one of the world's masterpieces of painting. The painting of the wall is one of the most beautiful things in art. Mr. Lucas, in the course of his essay on Vermeer, which was published in 1911, said: "I hope that when we have fought Germany in the inevitable war of which the

papers are so constantly full, it will be part of the indemnity."

"The Lady Playing a Lute" is an excellent Vermeer; the "Lady Writing" possibly is not quite as great an example. One of the better examples is the "Woman Weighing Pearls," in which his famous blue and yellow are introduced. Equally fine is the "Young Woman Opening a Casement," which is a splendid example of his art, in which his blue and yellow also appear. A "Young Lady at the Virginals" is a fairly good example, as is "A Lady Playing the Guitar," which is probably unfinished; the "A Young Lady Seated at the Spinnet" (National Gallery) is far better than either of these. "A Girl at the Spinnet" (Beit Collection) is not a very interesting picture; curiously enough, it has never been pointed out that the figure of the girl, as well as other parts of the picture, are almost identical with the "A Young Lady Seated at the Spinnet."

The "Allegory of the New Testament" is one of the least interesting of Vermeer's paintings; this sort of a subject was not within his province. The still-life and accessories are marvelously well painted.

"The Love Letter" is one of the latest paintings, but not one of the very best. The "Painter in His Studio" is one of the artist's greatest pictures. Mr. Hale says of this painting: "Perhaps it is not too much to say that this painting is the supreme technical achievement of the world." It is not now generally supposed that the painter is Vermeer himself, as was formerly believed to be the case. Interest attaches to this picture as showing the way Vermeer's contemporaries worked.

CATALOGUE OF VERMEER'S AUTHENTIC PAINTING

(The sizes are given in inches, the height first)

1. THE COURTESAN. Canvas: 57 x 52. Signed. Picture Gallery, Dresden.
2. CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA. Canvas: 61 x 55. Signed. W. A. Coats, Skelmorlie Castle, Scotland.
3. A MAID-SERVANT POURING MILK or THE COOK. Canvas: 18 x 16½. Signed. Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.
4. PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN. Canvas: 32½ x 26. Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest.

5. VIEW OF DELFT. Canvas: 39 x 46½. Signed. Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague.
6. A STREET IN DELFT. Canvas: 21 x 17. Signed. J. Six, Amsterdam.
7. THE ASTRONOMER. Canvas: 21 x 18½. Signed. Städel Institute, Frankfurt-on-Main.
8. THE ASTRONOMER. Canvas: 20 x 18. Baron Edouard de Rothschild, Paris.
9. THE SOLDIER AND THE LAUGHING GIRL. Canvas: 18½ x 16½. H. C. Frick, New York.
10. THE SLEEPING WOMAN. Canvas: 34 x 29½. Signed. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
11. LADY READING AT THE OPEN WINDOW. Canvas: 33 x 25½. Trace of a signature. Picture Gallery, Dresden.
12. THE GIRL WITH THE WINE GLASS. Canvas: 31 x 27. Signed. Picture Gallery, Brunswick.
13. A GIRL DRINKING WITH A GENTLEMAN. Canvas: 26½ x 30½. Kaiser Frederich Museum, Berlin.
14. A GENTLEMAN AND A YOUNG LADY or THE MUSIC LESSON. Panel: 15¼ x 17¼. H. C. Frick, New York.
15. A GIRL READING A LETTER. Canvas: 19½ x 16. Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.
16. THE LACE MAKER. Canvas: 9½ x 8. Signed. Louvre, Paris.
17. PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. Canvas: 18½ x 16. Signed. Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague.
18. PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. Canvas: 18 x 13½. Signed. Arenberg Collection, Brussels.
19. A YOUNG GIRL WITH A FLUTE. Panel: 8 x 7. Piet Willem Jansen, Amsterdam.
20. A LADY AND A MAID-SERVANT. Canvas: 35 x 30. Signed. James Simon, Berlin.
21. A LADY WRITING A LETTER. Canvas: 27½ x 23. Signed. Beit Collection, London.
22. THE MUSIC LESSON. Canvas: 29 x 25. Windsor Castle, England.
23. THE CONCERT. Canvas: 28 x 25. Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston.
24. YOUNG LADY WITH A PEARL NECKLACE. Canvas: 22 x 18. Signed. Kaiser Frederich Museum, Berlin.
25. LADY PLAYING A LUTE. Canvas: 20⅝ x 18⅙. Signed. Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, New York.
26. LADY WRITING. Canvas: 18⅙ x 14½. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (lent by J. P. Morgan).
27. WOMAN WEIGHING PEARLS. Panel: 16½ x 14. Signed. Joseph E. Widene, Philadelphia.
28. YOUNG WOMAN OPENING A CASEMENT. Canvas: 17½ x 15½. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
29. A YOUNG LADY AT THE VIRGINALS. Canvas: 20 x 18. Signed. National Gallery, London.
30. A LADY PLAYING THE GUITAR. Canvas: 20¼ x 17. Signed. John G. Johnson Collection, Philadelphia.
31. A YOUNG LADY SEATED AT THE SPINET. Canvas: 20 x 17½. Signed. National Gallery, London.
32. A GIRL AT THE SPINET. Canvas: 9½ x 7½. Beit Collection, London.
33. ALLEGORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Canvas: 45 x 35. Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague (lent by Dr. A. Bredius).
34. THE LOVE LETTER. Canvas: 17½ x 15. Signed. Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.
35. PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO. Canvas: 52 x 44. Signed. Czernin Collection, Vienna.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY, THE HAGUE

VERMEER

NOTES ON THREE PAINTINGS SOMETIMES ATTRIBUTED TO VERMEER

Diana at Her Toilet. This picture, which is painted on canvas and measures 39 inches by 42 inches, is in the Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague. There is very little about the painting which suggests Vermeer, although most of the writers on the artist are inclined to attribute it to him (as being an early example), with certain reservations. At the Goldschmidt sale in Paris in 1876 it was sold as a Nicholas Maes.

The Astronomer. This picture, a panel, measuring 19 inches by 14½ inches, is owned by the Vicomte du Bus de Gisignies of Brussels. Several critics attribute this picture to Vermeer, but there is almost nothing about it that suggests that master. The *chiaroscuro* is bad, and of this Vermeer was a great master; the technique is also quite different.



VIEW OF DELFT

ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY, THE HAGUE

VERMEER

Portrait of a Young Man. This picture, painted on canvas, measuring 28 inches by $23\frac{3}{8}$ inches, is in the Royal Museum, Brussels. Dr. Bredius of the Hague Museum does not consider this to be the work of Vermeer, to which opinion Mr. Hale takes exception. The picture, which is extremely beautiful appears to me to be by Vermeer. Almost everything about it suggests his work, and almost nothing the work of his contemporaries. It was catalogued by John Smith as a Rembrandt; as a matter of fact it was once signed "Rembrandt, 1644," but this has been removed, as it was decided it was a forgery. The Royal Museum bought this picture in Paris in 1900 as being a Nicholas Maes. In 1905 Mr. A. J. Wauters of the Museum definitely attributed it to Vermeer (*vide Burlington Magazine*, December, 1905).

LIST OF PAINTINGS BY VERMEER
SOLD AT AUCTION IN AMSTERDAM IN 1696:

A Woman Weighing Gold.
A Maid-servant Pouring Milk.
The Portrait of Vermeer.
A Lady Playing the Guitar.
An Interior. A Gentleman Washing His Hands.
An Interior. A Lady at the Virginals and a Gentleman Listening.
A Lady to whom a Maid-servant is bringing a Letter.
A Drunken Maid-servant Asleep behind a Table.
An Interior with Revellers.
An Interior. With a Gentleman Making Music and a Lady.
A Soldier with a Laughing Girl.
A Girl Making Lace.
A View of Delft from the South.
A View of a House in Delft.
A View of Some Houses.
A Lady Writing.
A Lady Adorning Herself.
A Lady Playing the Spinnet.
A Portrait in an Antique Costume.
Another Similar Portrait.
A Pendant to the Last.

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SPRING MELODIES

ISIDORE KONTI



THREE MUSES

ISIDORE KONTI



HILLCREST

THE MACDOWELL HOME AT PETERBOROUGH

“PETERBOROUGH”

THE EDWARD MACDOWELL MEMORIAL COLONY

THREE hours from Boston, by rail, on the outskirts of the little town of Peterborough, in lower New Hampshire, the Edward MacDowell Memorial Colony is located. Here, six years before Edward MacDowell died, he found and purchased a deserted farm which became for him a haven of refuge and for others, since, the fulfillment of a dream. The original farm comprised eighty acres, most of it forest land. The Association now owns five hundred acres.

This colony is not patterned after any other; in fact, it is unique. The colonists are all artists—painters, sculptors, musicians, poets, dramatists—men and women who have not merely given promise of achievement but have to some extent achieved. They go to Peterborough not to rest but to work—to work under the best conditions. These indeed are ideal—isolation when desired, freedom from care and responsibility, congenial comradeship and a sense of opportunity. The life to the fullest extent is free and unconventional, but it is in no sense Bohemian, neither is it exotic. When the colonists gather in the evenings, either before an open, crackling wood fire or out of doors under the trees, it is not to talk of their own work but to

exchange views on general subjects, freely and gaily, passing on bits of news, perhaps of the great outside world gleaned from newspapers or of forest neighbors discovered in walking to and from the studios. Mrs. MacDowell is the presiding genius and it is her wise management, her far-seeing vision coupled with amazing common sense, which has gone far to make the place what it is. A spirit of good fellowship and mutual understanding pervades the entire colony, and makes it, aside from everything else, restful and inspiring. Each artist has his or her own studio. Lunches are sent to the studios in baskets—simple, appetizing and neatly packed. Breakfasts and dinners are eaten together, served at small tables and with all the daintiness and refinement of the home. There are tables which seat four and tables which seat only one; there are no set places and one may choose to suit one's mood. Being creative workers all are both comprehending and considerate.

On being asked once if poverty and struggle were not good for artists Mrs. MacDowell said: “Undoubtedly yes, but there is just one side of poverty which seems almost an unsurmountable difficulty militating against the production of good work,



THE ADAMS STUDIO

PETERBOROUGH



THE LOUISE VELTIN STUDIO

PETERBOROUGH



THE PINE STUDIO

PETERBOROUGH

and that is the question of environment and equipment. All through Mr. MacDowell's early years he was unable to find what he considered proper conditions—conditions that meant much for him in both the quality as well as the quantity of his art. You may be poor, no matter how poor, and may not mind it, but if you happen to be an artist and do not have a studio, you find a condition where it is almost impossible to paint pictures. For a composer the difficulties are even more exaggerated because his being a noisy art he is almost always unwelcome wherever he goes."

As Mr. MacDowell grew to realize what the finding of the place at Peterborough had been to him, in equal measure he came to understand what the lack of such environment was meaning to many others, and so he dreamt this dream—a place where people might get just what he had got—only a great deal more, because he did not have the companionship of workers in the different arts which he felt very necessary.

During his last illness Mr. MacDowell's mind began to fret itself with the thought that the lovely old Peterborough place

which had grown so dear to him should soon have to be disposed of like any other property. This regret was followed by the wish that in some way it might be saved to give to other artists the inspiration and the opportunity for work which it had given him. The wish became a dream and the dream a hope, and at last Mrs. MacDowell, without knowing at that time how it was to be realized, made her husband the solemn promise of devoting her life to its fulfillment.

Shortly before Mr. MacDowell's death a way opened. The Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York had raised a fund for some sort of memorial. At Mrs. MacDowell's suggestion this memorial took the form of an endowment of the Peterborough property for the purpose of establishing an artist colony.

Edward MacDowell felt very strongly that the various arts are all manifestations of the same impulse and therefore closely related. He was forever urging this upon his students and advising them to broaden an understanding of their particular art by a study of other art forms. He wanted them as musicians to know something of painting, through actual acquaintance with

men engaged in painting, to get some understanding of literary expression through actual acquaintance with writers. The Colony, as a place where representatives of all the arts meet on common ground, affords opportunity for just that sort of "give and take" in the natural exchange of ideas which MacDowell realized is so stimulating to artistic growth.

The Association keeps a greater part of its five hundred acres in beautiful forest, affording ample space for studios sufficiently separated and secluded for quiet and efficient work. About fifty acres are under excellent cultivation, a practical farm, well equipped and largely supplying the needs of the Colony.

The studios are scattered through the woods, some of them buried among the trees, some built out over shelving hillsides, and others commanding vistas of blue Monadnock. Each is planned to suit its own particular site. They vary in size, in architecture, and in material. They have but one thing in common, namely, isolation. Once in his studio, a worker knows that he has a long day before him safe from the interruptions of neighbors, telephone calls, and unexpected visitors.

Art is a hardy plant and lives through any weather. But in spite of the fact that artists have survived neglect and poverty, and produced great work under adverse conditions, America has come to know that art which is as necessary to life as science and material prosperity, thrives best in quiet and solitude. As John W. Alexander said once: "There are talented men and women all over the United States, but the trouble is the flame of genius burns just so high, and then from lack of encouragement or lack of environment it goes down, and once the flame is really dead it is almost impossible to light it again."

The class of workers eligible for residence at the Colony is the productive or creative artist as opposed to the interpretative. For instance in music, composers are eligible while singers or pianists are not. This is a general, not a hard and fast rule, for in art, creation and interpretation often overlap. A painter who desires to become a resident must be introduced by two well-known painters, a composer by two well-known composers, and so on.

The number of resident artists must always be small if the purpose of the colony is to be maintained. Fifteen or twenty are as many as can well be accommodated at one time. Each pays one dollar a day for board. This rate was established when the cost of living was lower than it is now, but the Association has been unwilling to increase it as it feels that it is as much as many artists can pay. The Colony is by no means a charity but neither can it ever expect to be entirely self-supporting. Why should it be any more than our great educational institutions? How then, some may ask, is it supported? By the dues of annual, sustaining and fellowship members—persons who are in sympathy with its aims and are ready to contribute to its support—by the small amounts paid for board by members of the colony; by voluntary contributions; from the proceeds of recitals which Mrs. MacDowell gives throughout the country during the winter which have each year helped to make up the deficits, and finally the income from less than a ten thousand dollar endowment.

The material assets are the five hundred acres of land, and beautiful land at that, the little studios in the woods and the group of buildings where the colonists dwell.

First of all is "Hillcrest," the former home of Mr. MacDowell, where Mrs. MacDowell now lives. Then there is "Colony Hall," a fine old remodeled barn, which when completed (the work of construction was interrupted by the war), will contain the permanent dining room and general assembly hall, kitchens, etc. Sleeping rooms and living rooms for the women of the colony are provided in "The Eaves." "The Mannex," the "Lower House," and the "Rosery," small houses on the lower road, have served, and are still serving a useful purpose for the men and occasional visitors. The farmer has a home of his own. There are fifteen studios, each of which has been a gift. The last, lately completed, is the gift of Mrs. John W. Alexander and her son, in memory of John W. Alexander—a monument to the faith which both Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have unflinchingly had in the ideals and work of the Association.

Among the colonists for some years past



THE MONDAY MUSIC CLUB STUDIO

PETERBOROUGH

has been Edwin Arlington Robinson,¹ who, in an article in the *North American Review* of September, 1916, tells of how he came across the colony as one who suddenly trips over a ladder in the grass for which he had been searching in the barn. A friend told him of the MacDowell Colony, but he said that the very word "colony" was enough for him. Finally he consented to have a look at it. He believed that he "might possibly stay in Peterborough for as long as two weeks," but he stayed three months and has returned for season after season. "I found," he said, "nearly everything that I did not much expect to find, and hardly anything that my conventional doubts had anticipated." One thing he discovered was that the MacDowell Colony was "beyond a doubt the worst loafing place in the world," and that it was also "not a good place to conceal one's lack of a creative faculty," and that "money can not buy elsewhere what is offered by the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough for the serious worker, simply for the reason that it does not exist elsewhere." Mr. Robinson calls it "a workshop with a wonderland thrown in," and admits that

there is "over and about the place a mystical touch which can not be explained"—a something that makes one work and be in earnest.

John Redhead Froome, Jr., a young gifted playwright, and another member of the Colony, who was fortunate enough to win the MacDowell Fellowship at Harvard, under Professor George Pierce Baker, for the winters of 1916 and 1917, wrote of his experience at Peterborough as follows: "It wasn't just the wonderful beauty of the place with its 500 acres of wooded hills and meadows and distant mountain-crowned horizons—it wasn't exactly the delightful association with men and women big in achievement—nor was it the impelling and stimulating spirit of the Colony itself that again put solid foundations under my toppling hopes. But it was the *something* that all of these combined put into me in the way of a renewed respect for what I had been trying to do and of a greater determination to do it. And this I felt grow steady and firm in the glorious weeks that followed, when I was able to work more satisfactorily than ever before, and when I could sit before the blazing fire in

my studio and re-establish my forces and adjust my mind to problems that now seemed not difficult."

It was at Peterborough that Edward MacDowell composed the *Norse* and *Keltic Sonatas*, the *New England Idyls*, the *Fire-side Tales*, and many of his finest songs and choruses. It was here that he passed into the other world, and that all that was mortal of him is now buried—not in a cemetery but on a hill top. His grave is

marked by a great boulder and is in a small enclosure quite overgrown with flowers. There is no shade, the sun floods it, the winds blow across it, the way is open to all. The place is gay with the song of birds, bright with the color of blossoms. There is no suggestion of the sadness of death but rather of the joyous confidence of immortality, the message of art, and of the life whose influence extends indefinitely beyond the grave.

THE ART AND WORK OF THEODORE STEELE

BY ALFRED M. BROOKS

ART can work miracles. The power to metamorphize canvases into mirrors, power possessed by numberless painters, is not miracle-working power. It is not art although it may be painting; technically, even remarkable painting. To be a painter by no means makes an artist. Every artist must know how to paint, but few painters are artists. To transform a canvas into a mirror; to draw and paint a subject—hills, fields, sea, and sky, whatever goes to make up a landscape, in such manner as to approximate an absolute reflection of the subject; consciously to seek to do this, and nothing more, is to seek to do what the camera can do better. I would not be thought to decry the difficulty, or to belittle the paramount necessity of being able to draw objects in their right relative sizes and to color them in their true hues. It is as necessary to the artist as it is to a writer to have vocabulary, and to use it grammatically. An essential means. Not a great end. The point is that art implies a great end which, painting, as such, no matter how good technically, does not. The painter is the man who tells us, in correct shapes and colors, how things look in what ordinarily passes as the actual world. He does with his medium something closely analogous to that which the reporter does in words, when writing a description. As reporters range high and low along the scale of values so do painters. But neither becomes an artist until he begins to pro-

duce something more than merely accurate transcripts; until he ceases to be minor-minded only; until he gives over trying to rival the camera. What then is this something more?

It is the miracle-working power of the artist; the miracle-working power of the poet. It is the capacity of the painter-artist, writer-artist, to raise mere lines, forms, shadows, colors; mere words, prose or verse, to the level at which they become art. It is what we glibly call creative power, genius, but which we rarely understand, or, the unheralded signs of, recognize. The painter tells only what he sees. The artist tells what he sees plus something of what he thinks and feels about what he sees. In this case what he thinks and feels amounts to nothing less than a record of his rational and emotional reactions. He is the man who lifts himself above the highest mechanical reaches, and acts the part of a creature endowed with mind. His work is no longer only a reflection of that which he has seen with his eye. It becomes a thoughtful, possibly an inspired reflection upon what he has so seen. The soul of him has become concerned as well as his body, his hand. His work of art, the picture which he makes, is a miracle. It is the precipitate, so to speak, on canvas of a human being's awe and joy in the presence of God and nature. From the hills cometh this man's help; from the hills, and every other part of that visible creation which bespeaks invisible and



SPRING

THEODORE STEELE

immeasurable force. He has himself been moved. What he paints has in turn the power to move others. Unless it has this power it is not art. He makes his work of art, his picture, the vessel of his intuitions. Every touch of his pencil declares a twofold reason for existence because it describes physical fact and, at the same time, interprets spiritual meaning. This was put inimitably by the truly magnanimous Japanese landscape artist, Hokusai, when he wrote: "I hope that at eighty I may have arrived at a certain power of intuition. . . which will develop so that at the age of one hundred I can proudly assert that my intuition is thoroughly artistic. And, should it be given to me to live to the age of one hundred and ten, I hope that a vital and true comprehension of nature may radiate from every one of my lines and dots."

To make his picture radiate vital comprehension of nature is an appallingly accurate account of what an artist does when he paints; of what his work will continue to do so long as it shall exist. The purpose of a work of art is to inform, interpret, illumine and inspire, as well as delight. Doing less than this it may still be very valuable or useful. Doing these things it becomes invaluable. The author of such work has been initiated into the most secret of secret societies; into the

most aristocratic of all societies, that of the real wonder-workers. His degree may be high or low. The important point is the validity of his membership. Every mark of his brush as it travels to and fro over the canvas is made *con amore*, and with accuracy. Not the deadly accuracy of which we hear much, and know far too much; the deadly accuracy of him who writes but is no poet; of him who paints but is no artist.

From my knowledge of the man, gained from the twofold source of the man himself, and his work, such as has been described, is, in broad outlines, a true picture of Steele's ideas of art. He is primarily a landscape artist. It is necessary to know what that means, in some specific respects, before considering actual canvases.

Every landscape implies a mood: a state of mind. Every first rate artist is the portrayer of moods. It is at this point that the artist and the camera part company for good. In his portrayal of mood the artist becomes autobiographic. He is invariably this when he is first rate. It is a true observation made by Samuel Butler, "that a great portrait is always more a portrait of the painter than the painted." We should not forget that the landscapist is the portrait painter of nature. To do this thing adequately implies penetrative



SUMMER

THEODORE STEELE

imagination; the power to go to the very heart of your subject; in a world-wide, deep sympathy. An artist possessed of this quality spans the gulf between us and our fellow men; between us and our environment, nature; spans it for us. The bridges which he throws across this gulf, bridges which make possible our passing over from the world of fact into the world of meanings, in a word, from flesh to spirit, are poems and pictures. More of them are being built day by day than most of us suspect, or are willing to recognize; many more than we are willing to use. Kenyon Cox has recently said, "We do not know how good our art is." What a comment upon us!

Let us now turn direct to the work of our artist, the landscapes of one of the good living men amongst us, Theodore Steele; to the second part of what our title calls for. To a remarkable degree he has done a thing unusual though far from unknown, the thing Rembrandt did, spent his life, his best working life, on his native heath. By continued and loving intercourse with it he has learned to know it and to interpret it. For more than a decade now this Dean of the Indiana School, has spent his whole time within the narrow confines of a single, thinly settled county, which, until a few years since, had the distinction of not having a

railroad, and therefore of not having its sweet air, or that blue haze which makes so much of the Ohio River region's unique charm, polluted by locomotive fumes, or its sylvan peace disturbed by engine shriek or factory roar. Brown County is still happily unfouled by the smoke, and din, and dirt of civilization. It is still a place of natural beauty and seclusion. On one of its pretty beech and oak-clad hills, overlooking wide bottom lands of wheat, and upland corn, and beyond, ridge on ridge of wood, lilac in the distance, lives, truly lives, and works, the tranquil poet-minded, artist-handed man, in years approaching three score and ten but youthfully hail, who is possessed of far more Hokusaiian intuitions than most men ever dream of having. Day by day through the changing seasons of year on year he commits his intuitions to canvas; the very life of the woods in their actual aspect, as he understands it, and in them sees it. "In nature beauty dies. In art never." To bestow much of the immortality of art upon the beauty of nature has marked his signally successful efforts. Many men love his pictures. He has had many honors. But best of all, there are the far greater many, yet to find their delight in his work.

On his hill-top, in his valley, up and down the narrow ravine, out over the orchard slopes of his little kingdom he has again



AUTUMN

THEODORE STEELE

and again watched Spring come, and Summer; Autumn and Winter; frost and cold; ice and snow; days and nights; darkness and light; all ye green things, showers and dew; sun, moon and stars; winds and waters; and he has painted them all in such a way as to constitute the sum of his canvases an actual *Benedicite, omnia opera*. He is at one with Ruskin in believing that all great art is praise.

For a large ward in one of the Indianapolis hospitals Steele has recently done four wall decorations. They completely fill great spaces to right and left of opposite entrances. Their subjects are the four seasons; the procession of them as it passed through the bit of nature which he knows so well; the sweet and solemn meaning of their passing on his mind which has heeded them so long, and carefully, and with so much affection. Each of these decorations is a compound of delicious facts, pink clouds of peach-bloom, or fascinating shadow-patterns cast by branches on smooth beech trunks in winter; such facts, and endless more, subdued into orderly arrangements, and compelled into designs of rare decorative effect. They are representation plus art. They alone

should go far towards proving to anyone who doubts it, that representation, an imperative end, is not the chief end of art. On the side of representation it would be difficult to better the anatomy of Steele's trees, for example, those just beyond the sapling stage in the middle-ground of his "Winter." But his grasp of nature's anatomy does not stop with trees. For proof, examine the knife edges of the sheets of frozen snow which overhang his cold brook; in reality cut like Greek marbles, and so depicted here. Or the anatomy of the "Summer" hills, a matter of splendid ponderosity, and so, true, which does not impose itself upon the beholder as the sole and only precious attribute of the subject. But these are things which many men can do, though few can do them better, and not many half so well.

When, however, it comes to the larger considerations of design—filling but not crowding his pictorial areas with sustained passages of interest, and lovely echoes of light and shade, made to play over, and to accentuate, rather than conceal, the highly representative character of the details which make up the purely pictorial nature of the subjects, these "Seasons"



WINTER

THEODORE STEELE

are masterly and, decoratively, masterful. They bespeak the inherent bigness and breadth of the scenes they represent so faithfully. They have detail, anatomy, what we will, provided only that we realize that it is the one thing which establishes their claim to be called good drawing. They have design; intentional arrangement of everything depicted, looking to, and attaining, the artist's purposed goal. Finally, they breathe the inmost spirit of each season, and they represent the artist's mood; the reaction of a poet to the ceaseless yet quiet hum of a July noon; to the rustling blaze of October; to the stillness of winter; to the promise which the annual return of spring makes and keeps.

As different from the brush technique of these large decorative pieces as can be conceived is the handling of his easel pictures. The facile technique of these and the realistic tone which it invariably gives, is, in no sense, revolutionary. I mean that in no sense does it rivet the beholder's thought upon technique, leaving him oblivious or cold to that which the technique conveys. In his most broadly manipulated pictures, and in his most delicate, Steele never fails to emphasize his

consuming love of subject, together with the influence which that particular subject has had on him; in a word, the mood into which it threw him. Again, to put the same meaning into slightly different form, he remains, from first to last, the poet, the artist-painter. What this is may perhaps be understood from "The Oaks" here reproduced. Body and soul of this picture are one. The sentiment of strength and delicacy is a pure amalgam. For composition, in its kind, it would not be easy to match "The Oaks," this side the greatest. In color, but color I have left wholly unmentioned for, as all know, it must be seen to be appreciated; this canvas is tender and powerful to an unusual degree. So is the color of many a canvas by this man of remarkable artistic parts, whose capacity for design, and mastery of drawing, can be measurably judged in photographs, as can Corot's or any other artist's, but whose color cannot be judged any more than that of other artists, unless seen.

Steele's painting is of the sort that in lasting worth is bound to far outlive many a loudly heralded and soon forgotten innovator; forgotten because he is an innovator of mannerisms, has a new tech-



THE OAKS

THEODORE STEELE

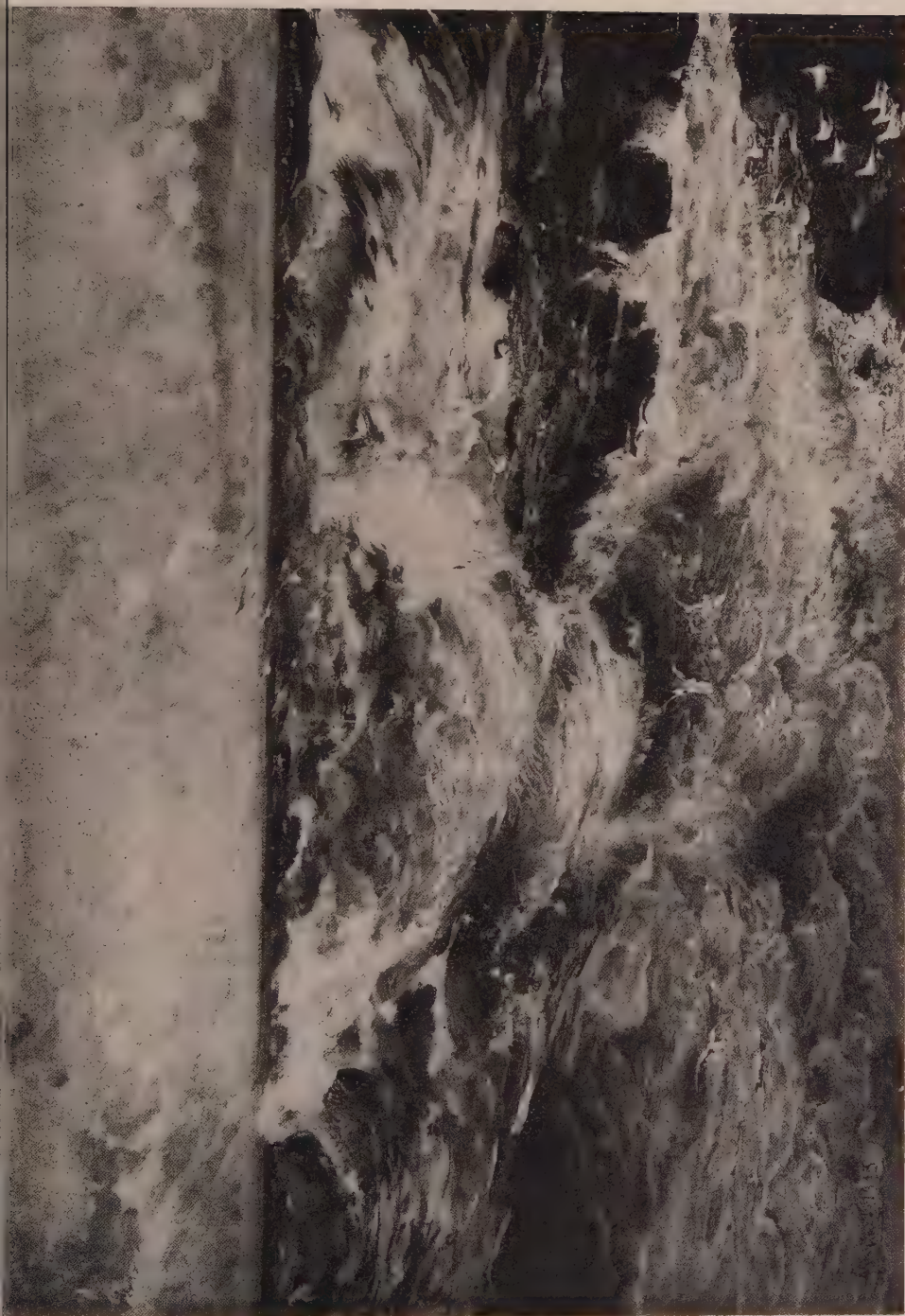
nique, is in fine, striking, rather than sound or conservative, *i.e.*, faithful to the great traditions of painting. Through many years he has labored unceasingly at all that technique may be construed to include, but never has this labor for one moment blunted his rapturous joy over the fact of nature as such; never has it deadened his vital perceptions of elemental significance. I mean, the sort of signifi-
cance which Corot says baffled him when behind a beech tree which he was painting there all day sang a thrush.

To have power, in whatsoever degree, to arrest such significances and make them permanent in paint is to be artist-handed. The technician, as such—no matter how remarkable—must have this power, else he is no artist. The pity is that there are so many technicians who are nothing more. The blessed delight of finding the other and real sort, of whom it is most consoling to believe there are more than is generally supposed, is inestimably satisfying. Theodore Steele is one of these.

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MUSEUM DIRECTORS

A meeting of the Association of Art Museum Directors was held the last of May in Minneapolis. The principal subject discussed was "Copyright" as it applies to works of art, a full report on the subject being presented by Mr. W. A. Livingstone of the Detroit Publishing Company. Mr. Robert B. Harshe presented a report on "Certain Aspects of

Art Insurance;" Mr. W. L. Herdle a paper on "A Framing Proposition;" Mr. Dudley Crafts Watson a paper on "Methods of Packing." The next meeting will be held in April, 1918, in St. Louis. The following officers were elected; Newton H. Carpenter, President; Joseph Breck, Vice-President; Robert B. Harshe, Secretary-Treasurer.



LIGURIAN SEA

SHOWN IN

RECENT NATIONAL EXHIBITION, BRERA ACADEMY, MILAN, ITALY

BONIPECO MARIANI



THE PIPER

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BERTHA LUM

BERTHA LUM'S WOOD-BLOCK PRINTS

BY HELEN WRIGHT

NO country in the world is as rich in legendary lore as Japan. Her artists of the early schools were symbolists, their designs contained delicate allusions and imageries that it is only given to the appreciative, penetrating person to understand. Emblems in trees, emblems in flowers. The fir, bamboo and plum have their subtle significance. The animals, a mythology of their own; the fox and tortoise a special place in art and story. Cherry blossoms, lotus and wistaria by peculiar arrangement can cunningly reveal to those initiated, a welcome, a dismissal, a birth or death, while Gods and Demons preside over good and evil fortune.

These are all portrayed in prints, lacquer, metal work, textiles and embroideries and are understood by the artisan as well as the artist, for Art is everywhere in Japan, even in the humblest home. Nature and the simple scenes of daily life with which

they are familiar are seen in perfection in their prints.

Unfortunately the beautiful art of wood-block painting and printing is almost lost. It is now chiefly practiced for advertising purposes or for reproducing the work of the old masters in the medium, done so skillfully that even connoisseurs are often deceived. The artistic value of the old color print has become widely appreciated. It is no longer considered curious or bizarre and it is universally recognized that in the art of printing in color from wood blocks the Japanese are unequalled.

The technique seems simple: A key, called the "Key Block" is cut from the artist's design on thin paper which is pasted on a block of wood, usually cherry wood. The wood is cut away leaving the outline in relief. Then a block is cut for each separate color used. Absolute accuracy of register must be secured. The printer



THE LAND OF THE BLUEBIRD

BERTHA LUM

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places his colors on the block for each printing. The thin dampened paper is laid on the surface of the block and rubbed with a rubber which transfers the design.

The best prints were the product of three individuals, the artist who made the design, the engraver, who cut the blocks and the printer. These artisans were important factors in the making of successful prints as sometimes six or eight blocks were required for a print and great credit is due them as faithful interpreters. In spite of this they were generally "unknown, unwept, unhonored and unsung."

How difficult the skillful artisans are to find is entertainingly told by Bertha Lum, a maker of color prints after the Japanese manner, who has spent many months in the Land of the Cherry Blossom, studying the art. "I thought before I first went to Japan," she says, "that print makers were as plentiful as paper lanterns and kimonoas." But she found after searching in vain for weeks that they were not. The man said to cut the best blocks, was finally discovered far out in the suburbs of Tokyo, down back streets in a small house of four rooms.

Having once found him she set herself earnestly to learn the manner of cutting and printing from the blocks which she found was only simple in theory and as briefly described in books. After careful study and observation she brought her tools, brushes and blocks, all of which had cost ten times their value, back to America to further work out the process for herself.

Mrs. Lum was well equipped before taking up this special line of work, having studied drawing, color and design first at the Chicago Art Institute and then with Frank Holme and Anna Weston the well-known designer of stained glass.

In 1908 she went again to Japan and worked every day for three months in one of the shops cutting blocks, and then spent six weeks working with a printer. Printing proved to present the greatest difficulties, but these she surmounted with astonishing success.

Returning in 1911, Mrs. Lum took a house in Tokyo where she had several printers working under her direction, having become an expert herself.

Never satisfied and loving the country

and life of the Far East; she has been again and again each time securing more finished results from her study and experience. The mantle of some one of the old masters seems to have fallen upon her shoulders in her ready ability to seize the best combination of landscape and figure, to understand the legends and stories and to unite with harmony of color, rare decorative quality.

It is the beauty of the Orient seen with Occidental eyes, eyes that appreciate the delicacy of the Japanese print but adds a new and original note that seems to blend with the Eastern atmosphere and technique.

It may be only small figures crossing a bridge in a driving rain; a crowd of flower-kimonoed little children flying kites that the wind furls into birds and fish; a group of "Fox women," jinrikishas hurrying through the night, lighted by swinging yellow lanterns; or "Tanabata," clad in blue, standing on a bridge of birds spanning the Milky Way, on the seventh night of the seventh month, to meet her lover—all have distinct charm in their clear, vivid color and fanciful, romantic conceits.

Mrs. Lum's work has been repeatedly exhibited in this country and in Europe, and the Japanese themselves have paid her honor.

She had the pleasure of receiving a medal which was awarded her prints in the Fine Arts Palace of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco as she was *en route* to Japan in 1915.

One regrets that her prints reproduced herewith, which are among her latest, are only seen in black and white, for much of their charm is due to the delicate yet warm color tints in which the originals are interpreted, on paper so thin it could be blown away by the faintest breath of wind.

The "Piper," a Japanese rendering of our old friend the Pied Piper of Hamelin, stands on a hill surrounded by charming little children, behind whom a lovely yellow sunset glows and white gulls are seen flying about. The Piper's hat is blue and his quill scarlet, and the small tot with finger on lip wears a scarlet cap, the whole making a delightful color arrangement.

The "Land of the Blue Bird," must also be the land of the fairies, for fairy faces

peer out from the branches of a green fir tree, from which dangle yellow lanterns distinctly alight. The fairies from their hiding places behind pine needles are watching the flight of the birds. The blue-green of the sky mingles with the

brown and blue of the tree and the brilliant hue of the birds gives a charming accent.

Mrs. Lum possesses a charming personality with which she seems to have invested her subjects. Her art is never imitative but is fresh and individual.

SCULPTURE—A REPORT OF PROGRESS*

BY HERMON A. MACNEIL

THAT all the arts in America have had in recent years a phenomenal growth and appreciation I think we are all agreed, and it is a sign that our nation is reaching towards a saner life. In this recent development it is a pleasure to report that the art of sculpture has shown itself not a laggard, either in production, appreciation or usefulness.

Sculpture has ever been an art whose gamut reaches from the earth to the heavens. Out of the very clay of earth the sculptor through his spirit infused forms may carry the mind into the highest regions. Yet there are times when the clay remains mere clay; effort based on a disregard of nature's forms becomes meaningless. Tangible forms in permanent material have ever been the most lasting record that civilizations have left us, and in many cases sculpture has been the highest expression of those civilizations. Col. Roosevelt in his talk a while ago in New York before the Arts and Letters well said that art must follow the marked trails of a people, must express the blossoming of a nation. We have only to refer, in glancing over history, to such names as Pericles, Praxiteles, Michael Angelo, Donatello, Dubois, Rodin, St. Gaudens and many others to realize that without this art much valuable history of these civilizations would have been imperfectly recorded. To do this the sculptor must live in and be a part of his country. It has been proved by our own history that the sculptor who would express in his art the trails of marked currents of a people must himself be in those currents. In our middle period of sculpture fifty years ago when our men

flocked to Rome and lived and produced under the Thorwaldsen-Canova influence in the great art center of the world, their work showed no American spirit and may be said to have had no permanent significance. Could sculptors of today feel the sweep and moving sentiments of a country like India or China so as to vitally express them? Not at all.

Today in American sculpture we have a very curious condition. We have a constant demand for and desire to erect important public monuments, but this does not seem to be so much the outgrowth of a native taste and instinct for beauty in our common everyday possessions and surroundings as we would wish. The industries where this art of form could so happily be applied in a minor way are controlled by the unsympathetic production of the machine, and the tasteful work of arts and crafts societies finds an uphill road. Perhaps our prosperity and pride in our greatness or our love of grandiose display may be a cause of this. We have national enthusiasm and hero worship with too little individual taste and sense of the fitting in lesser things. Even after monuments are erected and the ceremonies over, it is difficult to tell whether people venerate or shun them. It is no uncommon sight to see them year after year grow thicker and thicker with dust and dirt. Personally we bathe daily but the effigies of our great men have no such thoughtful care bestowed upon them! One can only hope for a wider and more general understanding of taste and appropriateness.

A similar illogical development permeates our art schools today. Hardly a

*An address made at the annual dinner of the American Federation of Arts, Washington, D. C., May 18th, 1917.

student enters even a so-called industrial art school but has in the back of his head the firm conviction that he will be the Michael Angelo or Raphael of America. Rarely does he aspire to be the finest of artisans. This places him in a precarious position if he fails to make good. Far better would it be if he came up through the ambition to first do some lesser thing well. The craving of our daily press for something new to write about in art is a detriment—it makes such good reading to find a hidden genius—indeed as Mr. Brownell says it often seems as if “genius is the great American industry!” To get there quickly is certainly an American trait, but novelty and merit are not synonymous terms.

Among our sculptors who are producing today we have a series of very able men, comparing favorably with the best, and their output is considerably more than we realize. Partly because of its bulk their work is not easily transported and displayed in various cities. We have, however, but to recall our recent expositions to estimate something of its quantity, quality, and popularity. Aside from these large expositions and perhaps fostered by them, there has sprung up a very decided demand for what might be called domestic sculpture, consisting of small bronzes for the home and garden. This demand may be taken as a hopeful indication of the growth of an intelligent taste and instinct for beauty in our every day surroundings. The American Federation of Arts on request of Art Museums, Art Organizations, and Libraries, constantly circulates collections not only of these small bronzes but also of large photographs of more important sculptural works, or of both in combination. Periodically the National Sculpture Society makes a special display of sculpture. The most recent one of these was the largest and most successful exhibition of sculpture ever held in America, and was installed by the National Sculpture Society in the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, with the very able cooperation of its director, Miss Sage. This display consisted of 800 exhibits and 200 large photographs of monumental works which it was impossible to show. Out of this list of 1,000 perhaps one-third were works of life size or over, and practically all of it was not only of high quality

but was work from sculptors now living and producing. To indicate how popular this exhibition was I have but to mention the fact that 150,000 visits were paid to the collection during the four months it was shown. From Buffalo the greater part of it was taken for exhibition by the Chicago Art Institute, and later by the Carnegie Institute and other museums.

In connection with large exhibitions of sculpture such as this at the Albright Gallery it may be asked why we do not have more of them in New York. I am almost ashamed to say that although New York is supposed to be the Art Mecca as far as production goes, it seems to be one of our most difficult problems to find space in which to make a complete and effective display of sculpture. We did one year use the Madison Square Garden and continually in our now outgrown Fine Arts Building a certain amount of our yearly output is shown, but the galleries are so small that anything above life size seems out of place. I know of no better recommendation for this convention to make to Congress than that here in this central city where everybody comes, there should be established a gallery where the plaster casts of the best American work could be gathered permanently together for reference and enjoyment. Those of you who have visited the City Art Museum of St. Louis will remember that the large sculpture gallery is filled with the work of American sculptors. These are in plaster, well cared for, and make a handsome display. Curiously enough though they represent works for which approximately millions of dollars have been paid, yet this museum by its wisdom in interceding at the time in the sculptor's work when the plaster cast has served its purpose in the permanent carrying out of a monument, by saving this cast from destruction has secured its collection practically without cost. There are other museums that are doing the same thing. Until some such provision as I have just indicated is made, those of you who represent museums, by placing on file with the National Sculpture Society a request, may have the same privilege of selecting from the yearly product such plasters as are desirable.

Briefly this continually increasing output

of sculpture may be shown to be a practical demand by and expression of our people. The history of any people on the globe will tell you that as long as men must die and those remaining have affection for the departed as well as joy while living, so long will we continue to demand some reminder of the former and expression of the latter in the art of sculpture. The "thing in the open" erected where friend and stranger shall see it, be it primitive mound of earth or the most buoyant expression of a nation's glory, is a symbol, a visible sign to express our loyalty, our faith, our gratitude, and always, though sometimes unfortunately, our culture.

Lately we have had from our foreign visitors a striking demonstration of the utility of these symbols of our national life. At the feet of our great men, who have stood for patriotism and humanity, with a tact more eloquent than words the Hero of the Marne has placed in silence the wreath of honor. These statues were the tangible, visible signs of our national life that came closest to the great cause in which he is today a living symbol. And who can say, in a day like this when standing face to face with such finely characterized works as Farragut, Hale, Lincoln, Washington, Shaw and others, how great has been their inspiration and how many hearts have been thrilled by them with patriotism, pride and purpose.

In much of the work produced today, whether of hero, fountain group, or statuette may be noticed a very decided American freshness and vigor of treatment, a broadening out of planes and elimination of detail where not needed—in short, a more direct and purposeful artistry. This was much in evidence at the Panama-Pacific Exposition where the strong yet controlled exuberance in the character of the work was well expressed; and I sometimes wonder if it was not because the direction of the sculpture was in the hands of sculptors and architects rather than lay committees.

In the usual course of erecting a public monument it more often than otherwise happens that a committee is appointed because its members have been connected politically or otherwise with the person or cause to be commemorated. The soldier

on the soldier's monument is an example—he may know the facts but facts do not make art. We do not call in the tailor or butcher as a medical expert. Their serious lack of knowledge of the necessary art qualities involved often results in a poor monument. These committees to whose hands is entrusted the erection of a monument often feel that when they have their money raised they have before them clear sailing. How little they realize the reefs ahead and how many a goodly sum has gone down in shipwreck! Those who furnish designs are divided into two classes: the sculptors, and those who make a commerce of sculpture. These latter men are usually first on the field and if the committee is able to withstand their onslaught it has made some progress. Should they get so far as to interview sculptors I am sure some of them think this is where their real trouble begins. The committee is apt to be strong on buttons and shoelaces, and weight and quantity impress them, but when it comes to such technical questions in the expression of a monument as line, mass, silhouette, construction, scale, about which they have never heard, particularly if they ask several sculptors to make designs, I do not wonder they are baffled and that they sometimes hoist the signal of distress. To obviate these difficulties on the committees' part and harmonize their point of view with good art, as well as to save much waste of time and expense, the National Sculpture Society has given much thought, and has published a little pamphlet on the subject that may be had for the asking.

A monument must be designed for a given place—one half its value as a telling decoration and educational utility is lost without this combination of scale and harmony with environment. So important and so difficult is it to attain that the sculptors themselves find it highly desirable to test the size and arrangement of a monument in place by means of a full-sized plaster or photographic enlargement before making the final model.

It is at this point of the setting or environment of monumental work that the problems of sculpture link up with and become a part of the larger all-comprehensive subject of civic improvement. In

Washington's time one family in thirteen lived in a city. We were an agricultural people. Now we are a manufacturing people as well, with half our population living in towns or cities. This great change and stupendous growth has resulted in ugliness, municipal crowding, foul tenements, disease and squalor, with great injury to the health, comfort and well being of the citizens. As a practical nation we are fast taking note of this fact and dozens of our cities already have commissions at work to better their layout as they now exist and to plan for a saner, future growth. Because this movement has behind it the authorities who care for the health of the people, for better traffic accommodations, for more efficient conduct of business as well as for our great asset, beauty, it has become a powerful force; and in spite of the Herculean nature of the task we are astonished and encouraged by its rapid growth. It is in cities that have been replanned, with their park systems, civic centers, open vistas, boulevards, etc., that the setting of sculpture becomes a relatively easy task.

The sculptor of today is not merely the carver of wood as in the previous century, nor can he live and produce his work abroad and keep in touch with the main currents of our national life. He can be no longer the recluse; he has passed the "fancy novelty stage." It is his field to

be a part of this general civic movement that leads toward a more wholesome and higher development. He must accept and enter into and become a part of the practical problems of his day, for we are a practical people, but he must carry his art with him. He must work with the architect and with the landscape designer and must know something of both fields. He must have power to detach an idea from the main current of his own time and develop it so effectively and tastefully on the building or in the park that we instinctively feel it an expression of ourselves and our time. This power depends on the depths of the artist's insight into the progress of his day. His work must be sculptural; it must have architectural significance wherever it is placed. And above all his work must radiate some charm or strength of human character that touches the passer by. Such work does not come at the call of legislation. It has its source in the hearts of those who make up our better class of citizenship. We are all in a sense sculptors and builders, and in the expression of our lives and the life of our nation art is needed, and art is taste; as Rodin says: "It is the reflection of the artist's heart on the objects he creates. It is the smile of the human soul upon the house and the furnishings. It is the charm of thought and sentiment on all that is of use to man."

WAR POSTERS BY HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS

AS a result of a preparedness campaign carried on throughout the city schools of New York an interesting collection of war posters was made. The School Art League offered prizes in each of the fourteen competing schools. These were, first prize \$5 in gold; second prize, a silver medal; and third prize, a bronze medal. The work was done by pupils out of school hours without the assistance of the class teachers. The results of the competition were said, by the school judges, to be beyond their expectations.

Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in the High Schools, said he thought they

were among the best pieces of work that the High School art department had produced. The designs were big and simple, the treatment dramatic and effective, and the colors striking and harmonious. It is much to the credit of the art teachers and their pupils that work of such excellence could be independently produced by High School students. Many of these posters had a professional quality, and no casual observer would believe them to have been the unaided work of the boys and girls.

Reproductions of four of these posters are given on the opposite page.

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HARTWIG J. F. JACOBSEN, COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL,
BROOKLYN



KEEP THEM TOGETHER CONTRIBUTE

ALBERT SHAW, HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE,
NEW YORK



HELP US TO HELP OTHERS RED CROSS

JOHN LARKIN, DE WITT CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL,
NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE OLD MUSEUM

We hear a great deal today about the New Museum, that democratic, educational institution which is the pride of the municipality and in a modest way the rival of the university. It is for this reason we want to talk a little about the Old Museum, not just to be contrary, but because it has a tender place in our memory and we sometimes feel it is rather maligned. We hear it referred to as "a cold storage place," we hear it called "stuffy," "boresome," even "aristocratic," or worse still, "autocratic," and perhaps it was, but even so it was *delightful*.

The writer happens to remember two little boys who years and years ago used to find endless joy in one of these antiquated institutions, visiting it out of school hours, unaccompanied by parents or guardians, again and again, learning to know the birds and butterflies from the specimens displayed, acquainting themselves with the evolution of the steam engine, and various kinds of water craft, with minerals and no end of other things; perfectly normal little chaps—and this was before the day of docents and the like. There was also a little girl, once upon a time, who looked upon the art gallery in her town as probably the second nearest place to heaven, (the first being a beautiful garden) and the glamor of loveliness of some of the pictures therein still clings though in sober middle age she has learned to know that they are not

great masterpieces. She was never told about the pictures but was allowed to discover them herself. But she lived in an atmosphere of respect and reverence for art and for those who created it.

Now all this was, so to speak, back in the dark ages, and we have learned much since then. But what shall it profit a man if he gain all but lose his soul? And is not that our danger today? We have learned so much and yet we have so little, so little power of real enjoyment. We are taught to criticize before we learn how to admire. We think we are thirsty for knowledge, but the fact is we hunger for joy, the joy of admiring, of reverencing.

A little awe is a wholesome thing, and it was this we felt for the Old Museum, across whose threshold we stepped as softly as across that of a church. No, we do not want to go back, of course not. We recognize and welcome all the progress made, especially in the art of display, but we would have it remembered that the Old Museum was by no means all bad, that it realized and fulfilled a pretty big mission.

We have grown wise in our generation, we have builded fine buildings—palaces—and filled them with treasures of art; we have opened the doors and invited all to enter; we have brought art to the people, but not infrequently we have witlessly rubbed off its bloom, and have made it seem cheap as well as common. We have moreover, given countenance to some of the worst expressions of art that have ever been produced, mental and moral deformities interpreted in pictorial form, the colored supplements of our Sunday papers called comic, by which our children by the hundreds of thousands are being educated in vulgarity and irreverence, and the mad ravings of the "modernists" of many names.

What are the New Museums doing to stem the tide of this evil current? Do they realize that a real love of beauty is the only antidote to the poison, and that for this reason an ounce of admiration is more valuable than several pounds of knowledge? William M. Chase once said that if he ever built a Museum he would carve in stone over the door the words "This Museum is for your enjoyment not your criticism." And he was right. Let us not make our Museums merely instruments of instruction

but gateways to the realm of noble thought and fine emotion to which one will go, both reverently and gladly.

NOTES

Several interesting exhibitions will be held this summer in the Print Room of the Jesup Memorial Library.

During June there was shown a selection of Japanese prints from Mr. Frederic May's collection; this was followed by an exhibition of etchings by modern American artists, including John Sloan, William Glackens, Eugene Higgins, John Marin and D. S. MacLaughlan. With these were also shown a few etchings by Rembrandt, Meryon and Fragonard, as well as a bronze by Mrs. Whitney and one by Paul Man-ship. These exhibits were lent by Mr. A. E. Gallatin.

During the second two weeks of July Mr. Ernest Haskell held an exhibition of his exquisite drawings and etchings; Mr. Haskell has recently designed a book-plate for the Print Room.

During the first part of August Mrs. Newell W. Tilton will hold the first exhibition of her portraits in oil. This will be followed by a collection of modern etchings and lithographs, lent by Mr. Gallatin, including prints by Cameron, Legros, Jacquemart, Strang, Lanne, Steinden, Forain, Fantin Latour, George Bel-dows, C. H. Shannon, John Copley and Will Rothenstein.

MUNICIPAL ART IN NEW YORK
The Municipal Art Society of New York through the generosity of its members will erect a fountain in the Queensboro' Bridge Market. There will be a stone basin overlooked by a mask of an ox's head. From the mouth of the mask a stream of water will flow into the basin, and above this will be a large mural panel representing "Abundance." The design for this panel is by Edwin H. Blashfield, the model of the head by Eli Harvey and the general plan of the monument by Charles W. Stoughton.

Brooklyn has been the recipient of a fountain placed in the Betsy Head Play-

ground as a memorial to the late Isaac L. Rice. This represents a group of seals being protected from the attack of a hunter by a number of water-babies and is the work of the sculptor Saint-Lanne.

The *Bulletin* of the Municipal Art Society of New York announces that medals and diplomas will hereafter be awarded for the best new buildings erected each year in the Fifth Avenue district by the Fifth Avenue Association. Similar prizes will also be made to owners of old buildings who most effectively alter them to meet modern conditions. The awards will be first given in 1918.

ART IN SAN FRANCISCO

Since last January the following exhibits have been held under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association in the Palace of Fine Arts erected by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and recently presented as a permanent building and exhibition gallery to the City of San Francisco: Water colors by Carl Oscar Borg, depicting scenes in The Land of the Hopi and the Navajo; exhibition of handicrafts by the members of the National Society of Craftsmen of New York City; sculpture by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney; collection of contemporary graphic art of Holland; oil paintings by Randall Davey; water colors by F. Hopkinson Smith; oil paintings by Jonas Lie; sculptures by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy; paintings and embroideries by Maxwell Armfield.

In addition to these transient exhibitions there have been displayed in several of the galleries valuable works of art lent by Mrs. Pheobe A. Hearst; such, for example, as fine Gobelin, Gothic and Flemish tapestries, Oriental rugs and textiles, Persian manuscripts, etchings and rare prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, Lucas Van Leyden and other masters, as well as paintings, furniture and ceramics. This loan collection fills fourteen galleries and of the twenty tapestries shown, seven are unsurpassed by those in any museum in the world. The five Gobelin tapestries constitute what is known as the Coriolanus Series and were made to the order of Marie De Medici.

The Gothic and the seventeenth century Flemish tapestries are in the same class.

On Memorial Day there was unveiled in the inside rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts, with beautiful and appropriate ceremonies, a bronze replica of the Houdon statue of George Washington, presented to the Association by the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution.

THE MORGAN
COLLECTION IN
HARTFORD

From the *Museum News Letter* published by The American Association of Museums, it is learned that the Morgan Collection consisting of Roman glass, Roman pottery, Bronzes, Italian majolica, French porcelains, Meissen porcelains, Venetian glass, English salt glaze ware, carved ivories, silver gilt, early wood carvings, etc., including nearly two thousand objects, have recently been installed in the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. And that at the same institution there are now to be seen a collection of European silver, European glass, and about fifty pieces of American furniture, 1650-1820, as well as a unique collection of four hundred and fifty Watch cocks and brackets.

The Museum regularly entertains classes from schools in neighboring towns, and the Hartford Ceramic Club goes once a week to copy the quaint designs on old Staffordshire pottery.

MEDAL FOR
DRAFTSMAN-
SHIP

The School Art League has recently presented a second medal to the High Schools of New York. It is to be known as the Saint-Gaudens medal, for fine draftsmanship, and was designed by Chester Beach, the well-known sculptor. This medal was generously given by Mrs. Helen Foster Barnett and has been endowed in perpetuity.

It is to be awarded in the third year of each High School, to that pupil whose work in the art department in that year is best. The first awards were made in the week ending June 30th, 1917.

This is the second medal of the kind given by the School Art League to the New York High Schools, the first being the Alexander medal in memory of John White Alexander for years president of the League.

A third medal is proposed. This will be offered on a foundation established by the Art in Trades Club and will be awarded

in each High School yearly for the best work done in design in the first High School year. This medal will serve to stimulate and encourage over 20,000 students.

The design of the Art in Trades Club, medal is to be determined by a competition in the Beaux-Arts Institute and it will be distributed for the first time next September for work done during the past year.

ART IN
DES MOINES

Des Moines, Iowa, has been especially favored this last season in the wealth of its art exhibitions.

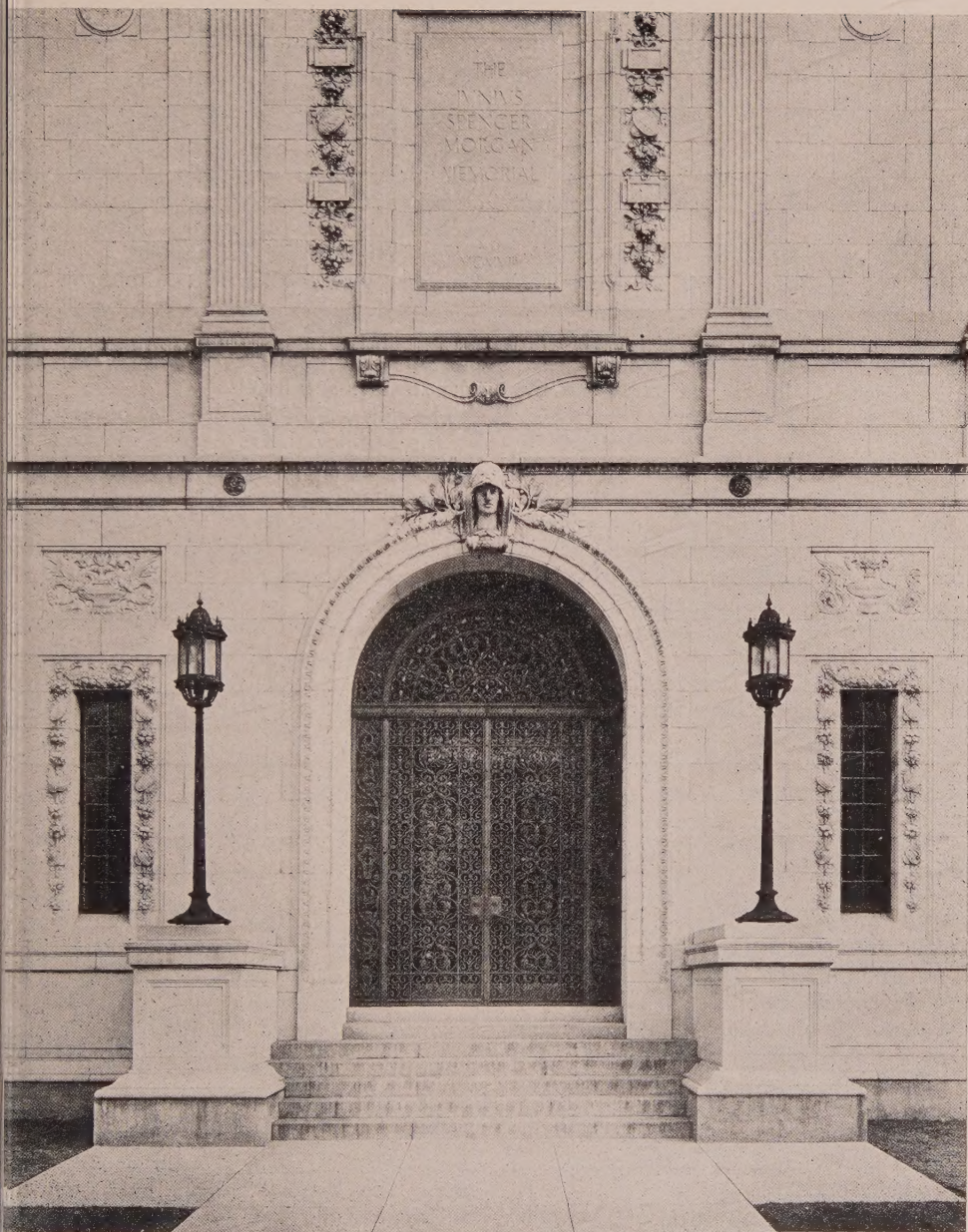
A permanent art organization has been effected under the leadership of Mr. J. S. Carpenter whose personal collection is of much interest and value. This organization, known as The Des Moines Association of Fine Arts exhibited this season a collection of paintings by Chicago artists, collections of paintings by Edward W. Redfield and William Ritschel and the French and Belgian collection from the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

From these exhibitions a number of purchases were made by the Association for its permanent collection and by individual members. Among these may be mentioned "Summer" by Lucie Hartrath; "The Brook in Winter" by Edward W. Redfield; "The Bath" by Lucien Simon; "My Portrait" by Henry Jean Guillaume Martin; "The Path of Ste. Brelade Jersey" by Theodore Van Rysselberghe.

The Association has also purchased from the artists: "Nude—The Jewel Box" by Richard Miller and "North Light" by John Conner.

FABRICS DE-
SIGNER BY
AMERICAN
ARTISTS

The Art Alliance of America showed as its first exhibition in its new galleries, 10 East 47th Street New York, an interesting collection of fabrics designed by American artists. These consisted of silks, chiffons, velvets, and linens, printed, painted, dyed, woven and variously decorated by hand. The designs displayed much originality in conception and execution and were carried out with skill and much technical facility.



MORGAN MEMORIAL

DETAIL OF MAIN ENTRANCE

B. W. MORRIS ARCHITECT

The "modern" tendency was apparently in the ascendency as regards the designs submitted, although Oriental, Peruvian and Japanese influence could be traced as a source in many of the designs. Fortunately there was little Mid-Victorian realis-

tic treatment, most of the work being imaginative and really decorative. This was especially true of the Batik which has sprung into unusual popularity at the present time. The colors employed were mostly of extraordinary brilliancy and rich-

ness. As an expression of pure beauty of color and design the exhibition was an inspiration. Many artists found delight and were stimulated by the ideas and forms represented. The textile manufacturers were equally pleased with the rich store of originality and talent to draw from for future use in industrial design. Such an exhibition gives impetus to cooperation between the artist and manufacturer. Both are benefitted by the contact. The first, second and third prize designs were purchased for reproduction. These were the work of Mrs. Hazel Bernham Slaughter, Mrs. Helen C. Reed, and Miss Martha Ryther.

WAR POSTERS
BY WELL-
KNOWN
ILLUSTRATORS

The *Official Bulletin* published at Washington under order of the President, by the Committee on Public Information of which Mr. George Creel is Chairman, made, in its issue of June 26th, the following interesting announcement:

"Well-known illustrators of the country are actively cooperating with the various departments of the Government in the war preparations. Scores of posters have already been produced for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.

"The artists are now extending their activities into other branches of public service. Kendall Banning, director of the division of pictures of the Committee on Public Information, announces that five new poster designs have just been completed by members of the Society of Illustrators for circulation by the railroad companies, which will post them in railroad stations and elsewhere throughout the country. The artists who contributed them are Louis Fancher, Charles B. Falls, Charles D. Williams, C. J. McCarthy, and Miss Babcock.

"The Society of Illustrators has also furnished poster designs to the Red Cross; among the contributing artists are Harrison Fisher, Frederick Dorr Steel, Wallace Morgan, Arthur William Brown, and George Wright. For Mr. Herbert C. Hoover's food commission the following artists of note have furnished designs: Henry Raleigh, F. G. Cooper, Howard Chandler Christy, Neysa McMein, C. Coles Phillips,

Frank Stick, John Sheridan, N. C. Wyeth, C. Clyde Squires, and Gibson."

MUNICIPAL ART OF CHICAGO The Municipal Art League of Chicago, has announced a competition of drawings and photographs of municipal buildings, churches of architectural value, school and such edifices as are an honor to the country, vistas in residential districts in and near Chicago, to be held in the autumn at the Art Institute. The two score or more chosen as representing the city will be published on post cards to be sold at railway stations and hotels.

The sum of \$160 in prizes has been given by the Municipal Art League cooperating with the Men's City Club for a competition of small works of sculpture suitable for parks and public squares in residential sections. The competition is open to sculptors everywhere. It will be under the auspices of the Western Society of Sculptors and the date of the exhibition will be announced later. It will probably take place about the middle of the winter. The fountains and fanciful compositions winning the prizes will be fashioned in permanent materials, marble or bronze and established on appropriate sites.

Members of the Municipal Art League have been requested to gather data of outdoor advertising in their neighborhoods. The billboard nuisance curbed to some degree in residential sections and on the boulevards is cropping up in unguarded localities, especially along the right of way to the best suburban towns. It is believed that personal appeals to the railroads and continued protests in local papers will have an effect on property owners to dispense with signs.

The Municipal Pier is the liveliest factor in artistic life in Chicago during the summer. The Drama League has assumed the responsibility of directing civic activities thereon and will provide artistic amusement for children. Pageants, plays and pantomimes will be presented in addition to a story hour. The Civic Music Association will have Community Singing on the Pier and the Civic Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art has united with the Municipal Art League for an exhibition of paintings and sculpture.

NEWS ITEMS

The third annual exhibition of the Springfield, (Mass.) Art Club was held in the J. H. Miller Art Gallery from June 11th to 23d. Sixteen artists were represented by nearly sixty works, paintings in oil, water color and pastel. It was a dignified and well-displayed showing, the best, it is thought, yet given.

The Concord Art Association, Concord, N. H., has lately been organized with the following officers: Daniel Chester French, President; George S. Keyes, Vice-President; Russell Robb, Stedman Buttrick, Alicia M. Keyes, Elizabeth Shippen Green Eliott, Charles H. Pepper, Allen French, Elizabeth W. Roberts, Directors; Grace C. Keyes, Treasurer and Elizabeth W. Roberts, Secretary.

The annual art exhibition will be held in the Town Hall in March, 1918.

An exhibition consisting of seventy-seven paintings by Mrs. E. Richardson Cherry was held in San Antonio, Texas, last spring in the residence of Mrs. W. W. Lipscomb. Nine pictures were sold, one being purchased by the Art League of that city for its permanent collection.

The Houston Art League of Houston, Texas, has lately acquired a very attractive and desirable site in that city for a permanent art gallery. A large plot of ground triangular in shape lying between two handsome boulevards, not far distant from the exceedingly beautiful Administration Building of the Rice Institute. It is the ambition of the League to erect thereon a building of such architectural beauty that it will be worthy of such setting. It is also a part of the plan to place a fountain or a group of sculpture on the lawn in front of the gallery.

The Cincinnati Art Museum is holding its Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Art. The exhibition opened on May 26th and will continue throughout the summer. It comprises paintings in oil and water color, etchings, drawings, photographs and sculpture, in all over two hundred exhibits.

The Albright Art Gallery is showing its Eleventh Annual Exhibition of Selected Paintings by American Painters, opening May 12th and closing September 17th. The catalogue lists one hundred and forty-eight exhibits, many of which have been borrowed from private and public collections.

The Carnegie Institute has issued an attractive illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition of Early English Portraits and Landscapes loaned by Mr. John H. McFadden of Philadelphia, which constituted its Founders Day display. This interesting and valuable collection was shown first in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts last winter and is now to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

According to *The American Architect* the city of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, has adopted a plan successfully tried in Paris some years ago for stimulating fine design in architecture. The municipality exempts from taxation each year the most beautiful building erected during the preceding twelve months, and in addition awards a medal to the architect.

Gunsaulus Hall at the Art Institute of Chicago will be opened in the autumn. The collection of English potteries and porcelains given by Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Hodge in memory of their mother, is being installed in the new galleries. It was removed from the north wing at the same time as the Gunsaulus Wedgewoods.

In November, Charles L. Freer of Detroit, will loan his collection of oriental treasures to the Art Institute of Chicago, for exhibition. Frederick W. Gookin is now in Detroit making arrangements for transportation and cataloging the loan collection which will comprise sculpture as well as prints, paintings and rare examples of art crafts from China and Japan.

The University of Kansas has just received as a gift from Mrs. William B. Thayer of Kansas City a magnificent art collection valued at \$150,000 comprising paintings by old and modern masters, textiles, ceramics, prints and other objects of art.

BOOK REVIEWS

MUSIC AND LIFE. BY T. WHITNEY SURETTE, Author *The Development of Symphonic Music*, etc. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Publishers. Price \$1.25 net.

A book of engaging interest and profound significance to artist and layman alike, musicians and even the non-musical; for in a delightfully clear and simple way, the author explains the relations between ourselves (whosoever we may be) and music, regarding the latter invariably as one of the arts and man's common heritage. It is his conviction that "the average American man or woman is potentially musical" and he believes "the world of music to be a true democracy." In this reasonable faith he points out the possibilities of community music, music in the public schools, the meaning of opera and the symphony. And what he says in regard to music is not only enlightening and thought-provoking, but in many instances equally applicable to the other arts, literature, painting, sculpture and the drama in their relation to the people.

This is a book by one who has looked beneath the surface and whose thinking is direct and clear. It should have wide reading and help to the solution of some of our biggest problems touching not merely art but national life. To all it is heartily recommended.

ART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE OVERSEAS. Special number of the International Studio. Edited by Charles Holme. John Lane Company, Publishers, New York, London. Price \$2.50 paper, \$3.00 cloth.

The *Studio* has not published for some time as interesting a volume as this which illustrates and describes the work of the leading landscape painters of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. As the editor remarks, the work being done by artists in these British colonies is very little known either in England or in the States and its wide variety and excellent quality will prove a surprise to many.

As usual the pictorial record exceeds in extent the text, but the latter as well as the former has been well selected and edited.

The essay on the Landscape Art of Canada is by Eric Brown, that on Australia by James Ashton, the brother of Will

Ashton the well known landscape painter, that of New Zealand by E. A. S. Killick and that of South Africa by Edward Roworth, himself an artist.

It is interesting to note in Mr. Ashton's article on "Landscape Art in Australia" the mention of no less than eight museums in that far off new country all apparently well housed and possessing dignified collections. They are the Melbourne National Art Gallery, the National Gallery of Victoria, the National Gallery of Sydney, the National Gallery of Perth, the National Gallery of Brisbane, the Adelaide Art Gallery, the Geelong Art Gallery and the National Gallery of South Australia.

In some respects the art of Australia seems from the illustrations shown a little more individualistic than that of the other colonies. This is, however, throughout a vastly interesting record and artistic achievement.

THE MUSEUM. A Manual of the Housing and Care of Art Collections BY MARGARET TALBOT JACKSON. Longmans, Green Company, New York, Publishers. Price \$1.75 net.

This is in every respect a most valuable hand-book for museum workers, more especially for those who are establishing new museums. The author is herself a trained worker and has had excellent experience in this field, besides having made extensive investigation among the leading museums in Europe as well as in America.

It treats of the most practical and important subjects—the situation of the building; the architectural plan; preparation of the collections, including interior decoration, gallery furniture, etc.; the formation of collections; the preparation of objects for exhibition and such official questions as hours of opening, admission fees, rules for copyists and photographers, museum publications, records, advertising, and so on. A wonderful amount of information is given in a clear, concise and helpful manner, and, perhaps most remarkable of all, there is not an uninteresting page in the whole volume.

To the uninitiated it gives a wonderful glimpse behind the scenes and shows that museum care and direction is by no means play-work. To the initiated it will serve as memoranda, correlating the experiences of many for the benefit of all.